THE FOOLISH POET PRESS LTD.

WILMSLOW

PART 3

THE HESTIA POEMS - SERIES 03

Published by The Foolish Poet Press Ltd at
96 Knutsford Road, Wilmslow, Cheshire,
SK9 6JD. Printed at The Foolish Press.

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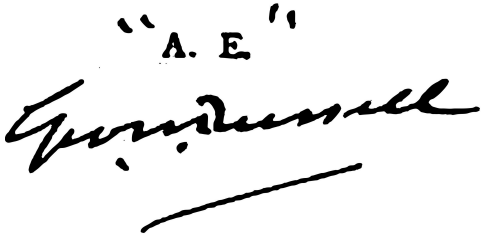
2024

HOMEWARD-BOUND; SONGS ALONG THE WAY

“I moved among men and places, and in living I learned the truth at last. I know I am spirit and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labours yet unaccomplished; but filled ever and again with home-sickness I made these songs by the way.”

A.E. (George William Russell) (1894) Homeward: Songs by the way. Whaley; Dublin.



“Hestia, in the high dwellings of all, both deathless gods and men who walk on earth, you have gained an everlasting abode and highest honour: glorious is your portion and your right. For without you mortals hold no banquet.”

Homer (8th Century BC (1920)) Hesiod, the Homeric Hymns and Homerica. Translated by H.G. Evelyn-White. William Heinemann: London.

Limited Print Run. This is:

No. ____

HOMEWARD-BOUND; SONGS ALONG THE WAY

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ALSO KNOWN AS

David Scanlon (2022-23) The Hestia Poems. Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow.

INSPIRING WORDS OF OTHERS

Booklist of Inspiring words that inspired more words (2024) - Open Library

A.E. (George William Russell) (1894) Homeward: Songs by the way. Whaley; Dublin. Harold Bloom (2005) Poets and poems. Chelsea House Publishers; Philadelphia. “Poetry cannot heal the organized violence of society, but it can perform a work of healing for the self. Stevens called poetry a violence from within set against the violence of without.” Poem 1 - Naomi Shihab (1995) Words Under the Words: Selected Poems. Far Corner Books; Portland. “Before you know what kindness really is you must lose things” Poem 2 - John Donne (1669 [1896]) From the Poem The Triple Fool in Poems by John Donne (1572 -1631) Ed Chambers, E.K. George Routledge; London. “To love and grief tribute of verse belongs”, C.M. Bowra (1954) The Heritage of Symbolism. MacMillan & Co Ltd; London - "The discord between intellect and sensation is settled when the poet accepts life and enters into its activities with an undivided being." Poem 3 - James Elroy Flecker (1911) From the Poem To a poet a thousand years hence in Forty-two poems. J. M. Dent and Sons; London. “I send my soul through time and space To greet you. You will understand.” Poem 4 - Saint-John Perse (1960) speech at the Nobel Banquet at the City Hall in Stockholm, December 10, 1960 (Translation David Scanlon (2022)) - “It is up to the true poet to bear witness among us to man’s double vocation. And that means holding up to his mind a mirror more sensitive to his spiritual possibilities” Poem 5 - Manuel Bandeira (1930) O último poema in Libertinagem. Paulo, Pongetti & C; Rio De Janeiro. (David Scanlon (2022)) - “This is what I would want of my last poem.” Poem 6 - David Scanlon (2022) Eternal Songs From Memory. Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. - “There is a form of everyday language.” Poem 7 - Federico García Lorca (1920-1923) CANCIÓN DEL JARDINERO INMÓVIL Suites (Published posthumously in 1983) - “Her paradise of pure silence Is in our passion, our blood”. Poem 8 - Nick Cave (2023) The Red Hand Files. ISSUE #219.”If we do not attend to the work of projecting delight upon the world, what are we actually doing? If we do not look for joy, search for it, reach deep for it, what are we saying about the world?“. Poem 9 - David Whyte (2008) Looking Out From Clare - For John O’Donohue. “your lightening raid on the eternal melting the serious line to absurdity.” Poem 10 - Rainer Maria Rilke (1912-1922[1923]) From the Third Elegy - 5; Duineser Elegien (Duino Elergies - Elergies from the castle of Duino). Insel-Verlagg; Leipzig. (Translated David Scanlon (2021) “And you yourself, how could you know -, you lured into your own past by your love.” Poem 11 - David Scanlon (2022) Eternal Songs From Memory. Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. The Orpheus Poems - Poem No 04 “If it be your will, that I speak no Ill” Poem 12 - John Keats (1817) The Letters of John Keats, ed. by H E Rollins, 2 vols (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1958), i, pp. 193–4. “several things dovetailed in my mind, & at once it struck me, what quality went to form a Man of Achievement especially in Literature & which Shakespeare possessed so enormously – I mean Negative Capability, that is when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, Mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact & reason.” Poem 13 - David Scanlon (2022) Homeward bound; songs along the way. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. The Hestia Poems - Poem No 32: Manifest Action. “I am in awe when I notice beauty.” Poem 14 - Nikos Kazantzakis (1923) Ασκητική (Salvatores dei). PREPARATIONS: THE SECOND DUTY. Αναγέννηση; Athens. (Translated David Scanlon (2023)) “Let us unite, let us hold on tight, let us enjoin our hearts, let us create, while the warmth of this Earth still endures, as long as earthquakes, floods, ice, comets don't come to wipe us all out, let us create a brain and a heart on Earth, let us give a human meaning to the superhuman struggle!” Poem 15 -Rainer Maria Rilke (1912-1922[1923]) From the Third Elegy - 5; Duineser Elegien (Duino Elergies - Elergies from the castle of Duino). Insel-Verlagg; Leipzig. (Translated David Scanlon (2021) “Look, we don’t love, like the flowers, for just one.” Rainer Maria Rilke (1912-1922[1923]) From the Sixth Elegy -3; Duineser Elegien (Duino Elergies - Elergies from the castle of Duino). Insel-Verlagg; Leipzig. (Translated David Scanlon (2021) “And when he crushed the pillars, that was it, she erupted” Poem 16 - Nikos Kazantzakis (1923) Ασκητική (Salvatores dei) PREPARATIONS - THE THIRD DUTY. Αναγέννηση; Athens. (Translation David Scanlon (2023)) “I do not hope for anything, I no longer fear anything, I was remade by the mind and by heart, I have ascended higher, I am free. I wanted nothing more. I sought only freedom.” Poem 17 - David Scanlon (2022) From Dancing I Smile in Songs of Life. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. “Beyond times space, I begin each day,” Poem 18 - David Scanlon (2023) Homeward bound; songs along the way. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. The Hestia Poems - Poem No 58. “Our past sometimes haunts” Poem 19 - David Scanlon (2022) From Ascending and Descending in Songs of Life. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. “So, I let the waves wash through me now,” Poem 20 -David Scanlon (2022) Unbounded Love. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. The Sisyphus Poems - Poem No 19. “Can we ever escape from the traps?”

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2024

Also By The Same Author

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Poetry For Business: Continuing Conversations
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The Ariel Poems - An Echo
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Translations By the Same Author

Poems Of Alberto Caeiro (Volume 1) - Fernando Pessoa
Poems Of Alberto Caeiro (Volume 2) - Fernando Pessoa
The Keeper of Flocks - Alberto Caeiro
Neehar - Mahadevi Varma (with Parul Singhal)
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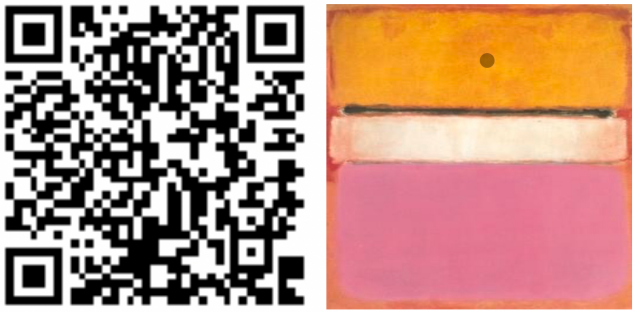

Playlist for Poems (2024) Songs selected for the poems. A playlist inspired and for poetry. Art - Mark Rothko (1950) White Center ((Yellow, Pink and Lavender on Rose).

ALL THAT IS

We are what we see,	Vi är vad vi ser
We are what we hear:	Vi är vad vi hör:
In seeing and hearing -	I att se och höra
We capture an…	Vi fångar ett…
An essence of…	En essens av…
All that is, and..	Allt som är, och..
We become what we	Vi blir vad vi
Wish and others wish:	Önskar och andra vill:
In becoming and wishing -	I att bli och önska -
We hold onto…	Vi håller fast vid…
An essence of…	En essens av…
All that ever was.	Allt som någonsin var.
We are what we are,	Vi är vad vi är,
We are what we know:	Vi är vad vi vet
Between knowing and ..	Mellan veta och…
Holding onto all…	Håller fast på alla…
Is an essence of…	Finnas en essense av…
All that is and was.	Allt som är och var.

HOMEWARD-BOUND; SONGS ALONG THE WAY

The Hestia Poems

David Scanlon

The Foolish Poet Press

First published in 2024 by The Foolish Poet Press Ltd,
96 Knutsford Road, Wilmslow, Cheshire, SK9 6JD

www.foolishpoet.com

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WE EMERGE TOGETHER

The movements we make,
The words we choose are
In the present, shaped and
Shaping our futures,
Based upon our past,
In the hope of change.

In these moments we make,
Our friends we choose who
In their smiles, shaped and
Shaping our futures,
Based upon our past,
We long for a change.

In the movement of moments,
It is in our words that we dance,
Shaped and shaping we change.
In shaping our futures,
Based upon our past,
Friendship emerges!

DARK-LIGHT

There was a house on a hill,
More than or hill or a house,
It was a home, filled with …
        All that homes embody:
        Laughter, smiles; hauntings;
        Both darkness and light.

As I remember homes on hills,
Lifetimes and eternity emerges!
More than homes, I'm filled with …
        All that a life embodies:
        Love, hate; ascendings
        From darkness to light.

There was a house on a hill,
More than a house on a hill,
It is our essence, filling up …
        Moments of this, my life:
        Transcending love-hate in
        Acceptance of dark-light.

"Poetry cannot heal the organized violence of society, but it can perform a work of healing for the self. Stevens called poetry a violence from within set against the violence of without."

Harold Bloom

ADVENT ADVENTURES

Advancing through Advent, will be a venture,
Worth the wait; the worthy, being my friends,
Will always be kind, as care is in their hearts.
In our kindness we show what….
In our joy the possibilities of why….
In our love the mysteries of…..

Adventure will always remain, for the curious,
Who travel without expectation, seeing joy,
And being with those who suffer in silence.
In our politeness we create a….
In our waking moments is the…
In our togetherness comes all…

Accepting the adventure of advent, is a gift,
I wait with the worthy ones, my best of friends,
Who will always care, as kindness is their way.
The friendship: sustaining us in us.
The curiosity: creating the us in us.
The world is: as it becomes in love.

I SMILE: I AM COMPLETE

I compete with out smiles,
When the head, he must win,
In the solving of problems:
Magic is the resolution!
From dream, a thought,
Then into a thing!

From the chaos an idea,
When the heart wins, she is!
The creative intuition born:
Magic in restitution!
From silent, unthinking,
Then into a word!

I am complete with a smile,
When the heart, she will win,
In the unsolving of problems:
Magic is then restored!
From dreams, a word,
Then we are alive.

I SMILE

Let the past live in the past,
See the present for what it is,
So that a future's shaped fully:
With the care of a duty
Fulfilled within the making,
Completed with a smile!

Our past sometimes haunts,
So the present is not so clear,
As we move toward our futures:
Other ways are beyond us,
We unfulfilled in the making,
Compete without smiles!

I no longer live with a hope
That we all see the present
In the same way: it is shaped
With our love and care;
Fulfilment is in the making,
Now complete; I smile!

OUR BEING DEFINED

What is hope but the undying
Desires of us all to be new again:
A re-birth from within, in us all.
It's in the renewal of this faith,
In each and every moment,
That defines how we love.

What is love but the undying
Desire of us all to be one again:
A re-newal from within, in us all.
It's in the re-birth of this faith,
In each and every moment,
That defines how we hope.

I love, in a hope, that is undying.
In desires re-birth I am renewed:
It is a faith that we were all once
Within a belief in each other,
In each and every moment.
It defined us in our beingness.

IF IT BE YOUR WILL

If it be your will, that I speak no Ill,
Seek in life thrill, and with voice still,
Speak of your will, from this broken hill:
I will then have found, a way profound
To sing of our love, unbroken from above,
This is the thrill, singing from your will.

If it be your will, let me with my voice,
Make a hopeful choice, together then rejoice,
Speak with this my will, from my broken hill:
We then may find, love we left behind,
And sing with a heart, beyond not apart.
This is the thrill, to sing of her will.

Now draw us near, as we escape our fear,
Lead us to your light, o guide of pure delight;
I will Sing of your will, from my broken hill:
Of rivers of delight, bathed in your light
Sing of all our love, cascading from above
This is the thrill, singing from my will.

I SOUGHT ONLY FREEDOM

What is this freedom within our human ties?
The inarticulate voices, those without her love,
Speak of a freedom within the things we make:
I looked for the source of the voice within,
Within the narrow boundaries of knowing
Where the mind makes up what is what.

What is this propelling and pulling me forwards?
A silent urge, for something, unknown yet joyous,
Speaks of a freedom without the things we take:
I found the source of the voice within, it is
Beyond the narrow boundaries of knowing,
Where the heart hears all that is and was.

In ascending have I returned to where it began?
A voice within the dark, filled only with pure love,
Speaking with a freedom that is always present:
I have found a voice within and without,
Without the narrow boundaries we make,
Where eternal love is all that is and was.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

You are my brother from another mother.
You are my sister from another mother.
You are my friends from other mothers:
I celebrate with you all of our lives;
I honour the memories in making
New words that find a gentle home.

Are we all not born from a mothers pain.
Are we not dead without a mothers song.
Are we, my friends, not a mothers joy
As we celebrate with others our lives.
We must honour the moments of making
Where new words find a gentle home.

You are the unspoken kindness of mothers.
You are the playful gentility of our mothers.
You are the essential truths within mothers.
I celebrate, now with you, all our lives:
I honour now each moment of making;
New words have found our hidden love.

WITNESS TO A SMILE

Blessed be those who smile,
And with radiance project upon
Our lives and make them whole:
In their heart is her golden
Magnificence portrayed
For all to bear witness.

Witnessing, within the smile, I
Become embedded in our we.
Our lives become one. A whole:
In my heart are the words,
Her magnificence played
For all to bear witness.

Blessed be you in your smile,
As you with radiance project
Into my life, making it whole:
In your heart is her golden
Magnificence portrayed
For us to bear witness.

MY LAST POEM

What are the lasting words?
The words that touch longingly,
Awaiting a final consummation:
    The words that softly speak,
    Working a soothing magic,
    Yet they never quite land.

What are the words that land?
The words that grasp lastingly,
Consummated in human violence:
    The words that spark, ignite,
    Working towards an anger,
    As they land too heavily.

I cannot choose how words land,
But can try to find them lovingly,
Born within our consummation:
    These may be my last words,
    Let loose without any hope,
    So let them land as they land.

SILENT LOVE

For Dave Wilson; kind, clever and Oh, so hard working and committed

What death is this, in this moment of life?
Dying embering light is now a remembering;
A thought, now a dead moment of our hearts.
    From a beyondness of silence they
    Speak to those who remain present,
    Who have travelled the dark paths.

Leaving behind the thoughts and hearts,
Drifting in all the dying lights, and screams,
Bodyless and without thinking is serenity.
    In a beyondness is our love and fear,
    Which speaks to those who remain,
    Who do not run away from dark paths.

In these momentary deaths are all our lives.
A perpetual presence, timeless yet moving,
Lingers there awaiting to be heard above
    The ever present noise which drowns
    Out those who speak and yet remain,
    Who travel with this silent eternal love.

ALWAYS BECOMING

A verse from the edge of chaos
Echoes just beyond the boundary
Of those imperceptible insanities
That surround me in silence.
Boundlessly gripped. The best
Is yet to come and it’s fine.

Letting the right words find voice
From a silence requires perceptible
Patience from unfathomable depths
That surrounds us in silence.
Bounded and gripped, the worst
Is yet to come and it’s fine.

Words play, with the meaning made
In the inbetweenness of boundaries,
Bounding all that we find sacred
Which has found me in silence.
Bounded and unbinding is.. is
Always becoming and it’s fine.

SILENTLY MOVING

I no longer know what fear consumes,
For knowing would be assumptive, partial -
A holding onto something that has past:
In the partial darkness is a light,
A hope both present and absent,
Silently moving those that move.

I know it helps create beautiful things,
A certainty, which is repeating, forming -
It shapes into something that is present:
In the daily hullabaloo is this light,
Our love both present and absent.
Silently it moves those in motion.

I now know that love is between us,
And in knowing live uncertainly, fully -
A movement from something eternal:
In this fulfilled lightness is ……,
A being both present and absent.
Silently I move within these words.

MAKING PARADISE

I sit in the silent darkness pondering,
Natures eternal chirping beating away,
Marking another day in our paradise:
    For living is a paradise, when….
    When we choose to see beyond.
    A paradise of our making.

So let go the naysayers and brigands.
Let them beat their drums and stir away,
Marking another day within other ways!
    For life is the paradise we make
    When we choose to see beyond.
    I choose this way of making!

The darkness exhilarates the senses,
Sharpening the presence of her ways
Marking nothing other than my soul:
    And I choose this life, I choose it!
    When we choose we see beyond
    This paradise of our making!

POETIC INABILITY

I do not know what more to say,
I have given up the energy of play,
Dismayed at the lies of your way:
        You promised me something else!
                I have become lost in a madness,
                Not of my making but my inability …

To find any words that do a justice
To the beauty which this, our trust is,
Now laid bear in everyday practice:
        I promised myself something else!
                To stay close to truth in the madness,
                Remaining in the foolishness of inability …

And refresh within the silent mystery,
Everyday seeing and hearing history
Being made from roots of this, our tree:
        I promise you something else!
                I will keep on exploring the madness,
                Of my own making - poetic inability!

LOVE ABOVE

For Brianna Ghey

Your smile draws in all these eyes:
Eagerly shared moments of surprise
Captured with the hint of deep love.
Thank you for being free,
An acceptance of a thee,
That calls now from above.

In staring at your eyes I find my soul:
Strangely a dream makes you whole,
Captured with a love, eternally above.
Thank you for engaging me,
And expecting me to be free,
In this essence poets call love.

Now drift away, oh sweetest of all,
With this poetic prayer your love call.
Captured now in words of deep love.
Thank you for this time with you.
Appreciate these words, so few,
That calls on a love from above.

LAUGHTER FILLED SMILES

One more time, just one more time,
Promise to me the words that lift-up,
That enrich and sanctify our love:
Let us cherish, the now rare,
Moments of lucidity and clarity,
And the laughter filled smiles,

Let those times, those few rare times,
Provide for me the delight within you,
In your dying search for sanctuary:
Let me now cherish, with care,
For the other moments: darkness
Descending has little light left.

Many more times, not one more time,
I promise to you words that lift us up,
That enrich and are sanctified love:
Let us cherish, these now rare,
Moments of beauty and delight,
From your laughter filled smiles.

A CHEEKY SMILE

You sang with prayers, a cheeky smile
Playing across the barren landscape,
Of the uncertain harmonies with words:
But it is your words that will last,
As your presence now dwindles,
And the images just fade away.

It was not at that moment I saw again
The freshness of a voiceless love, that
Always present moment locked within:
But it was a starting of an end,
As if in the words was a re-birth,
A wordlessness that never fades.

Oh to whisper with a cheeky smile,
A finding of the child within, speaking
With loves released harmonic words:
Is this now the beginning or end,
As all new words are a re-birthing,
A choice that easily fades away.

BECOMING

Take a moment and breath
And in that moment pause,
Let time slip away. Nothing
Will be until it becomes,
Becomes free in words,
Born from timelessness.

Breathing slowed from time
Escapes the thinking part
And enters another realm;
Natures ways of being,
Born within a moment,
Where we are free of it.

In these moments I feel alive
Within something of us all;
At peace with our humanity.
In simple words of love,
Born of these moments,
I profess as we becomes.